THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC

A FRIEND OR TWO.

There's all of pleasure and all of peace
  In a friend or two;
And all your troubles may find release
  With a friend or two;
It's in the grip of the clasping hand,
On native soil or on alien land,
But the world is made, do you understand,
  With a friend or two;

A song to sing, and a crust to share
  With a friend or two;
A smile to give and a grief to bear,
  With a friend or two;
A road to walk and a goal to win,
An inglenook to find comfort in,
The gladdest hours that we know begin
  With a friend or two;

A little laughter, perhaps some tears,
  With a friend or two;
A vale to cross, and a hill to climb,
A mock at age, and a jeer at time,
The rose of life takes the lilt of rhyme,
  With a friend or two;

The brother-soul and the brother-heart,
  Of a friend or two;
Make us drift on from the crowd apart,
  With a friend or two;
For come days happy, or come days sad,
We count no hours but the ones made glad
By the hale good times we have ever had
  With a friend or two.

—Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Cal. Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE PACIFIC

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W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

DYING WITH THE MASTER.

The calm waiting of General Nogi and the Countess Nogi of Japan in the darkness of the night until the signal guns told of the departure of the funeral cortege of the late emperor from the imperial city, and then the committing of hari-kiri, renews in a manner highly impressive to the Japanese mind a custom which it had been hoped was to be known henceforth only historically.

Seppuku or hara-kiri came into vogue about the time of the dominion of the military classes. At first, after a battle, the vanquished wounded fell on their swords, drove them through the mouth or breast or cut the throat with them. Frequently, ere long, the unwounded survivors in their defeat and hopelessness, or retainers whose masters had been killed, took the hara-kiri road. It meant proof of sincerity, and it grew to be a sacrament and often a vicarious sacrifice.

In course of time it became a class privilege, gladly availed of in case of judicial condemnation by the samurai.

Hara-kiri became at length such a custom that when a clan was insulted, and for some reason could not take revenge, the principal samurai would take his life and so, according to their thought, wipe out the stain on the crest of the clan.

In the 14th century a noble named Ando, a vassal of the house of Hogo, seeing the ruin everywhere around him, the soldiers slaughtered and the palaces burned, remarking that for a hundred years no instance of a retainer dying for his lord had been known, resolved to commit hara-kiri rather than surrender. His wife sent him a letter urging surrender. He spoke of it as a shameless request; he was a samurai and she was the daughter of a samurai house. Wrapping the letter around his sword he plunged it into his body.

When, in the 17th century, one of the sons of Iyeyasu died at an early age five of his retainers disemboweled themselves that they might follow their young master into the happy land. W. E. Griffis writes in his book "The Mikado's Empire," "This is said to be the last instance of the ancient custom of jun-shi, dying with the master."

The women of Japan, says one who dwelt there many years, seldom take their own lives except it be for disappointed or hopeless love. "During the war with China there was one case that came to my knowledge of a young wife who took her life, as she thought a samurai's daughter should, in order to join her lord who had fallen on the field of battle. Old Japan would invariably have praised such devotion; young Japan is not quite so sure about the morality of such a course."

What the sentiment was, however, only a half century ago is shown by an incident in the deliberative assembly in 1869. The clerk of the house introduced a motion to abolish hara-kiri. Only three of the 209 members spoke in favor of the motion. In the debate this peculiar suicide was referred to as "the very shrine of the Japanese national spirit and the embodiment in practice of devotion to principle," "a great ornament to the empire," "a valuable institution tending to the honor of the nobles and based on a compassionate feeling toward the official caste," "a pillar of religion and a spur to devotion." When the motion came to a vote 200 voted against, 6 declined to vote, and not long afterward the man who introduced it was murdered.

Of late years native ethical writers have earnestly protested against the institution of seppuku which has caused a river of blood to flow through Japanese history. One of the first and most influential persons to protest was the late Fukuzawa, who did much to shape the new ideals of Japan.

Now, Nogi, the hero of Port Arthur, puts the stamp of renewal on the custom which in recent years had had considerable abandonment. He had devoted his life to the emperor; his two sons perished before Port Arthur. After the death of the eldest in the battle at Nashan, he wrote home: "Hold the funeral rites until Hoten and I return, when you can bury three at once." He alone survived. Devoted to the emperor, for whom his life had been spent, he wanted nothing other than to follow him at once into the spirit land.

The devotion on the part of the Japanese to the mikado or emperor is somewhat inexplicable to the occidental mind. The Rev. Dr. Sidney Gulick says in his book, "The Evolution of the Japanese: "In him all virtues and wisdom abound. No fault or lack in character can be attributed to him. I question if any rulers have ever been more truly apotheosized by any nation than the emperor of Japan. The essence of patriotism today is devotion to the person of the emperor. It seems impossible for the people to distinguish between the country and its ruler."

In ancient times it was the custom for the emperor to live a most secluded life. Only his wives and a few nobles were allowed in his presence, and they seldom saw his face. Later years brought changes, but always the thought concerning him has been as if he were not a man but a god.

THE RACE-TRACK GAMBLING MEASURE.

The race-track gambling measure which the people of California will have to vote on in November has been adroitly framed. At first glance it does not seem to be a gambling measure at all. Indeed, one can read a long distance into it and find only prohibitions of gambling, and severe penalties for all who do gamble. But at the last comes the vital part, because of which the gambling element has been willing to spend a large amount of money in getting enough petitioners to get the bill on the November ballot. "Any and all racing associations and corporations," according to these last lines, "which shall obtain licenses to

conduct race meetings in the State of California pursuant to and under this Act, may conduct and carry on and permit within the enclosure where horse racing is held betting upon the races conducted within said enclosure by and through the Paris Mutual and Auction Pool Systems of betting."

And those systems are what no one wants who wants to have the state rid of those damnable conditions and temptations which existed before the recent Anti-Race Track Gambling Law went into effect.

It is estimated that the volume of the betting at the Emeryville track the last 180 days of its operation in 1908 was $36,000,000. There are men in San Quentin and Folsom to-day who stole hundreds of thousands of dollars from their employers and lost it at Emeryville. The prison, the morgue, and the redlight downward way link many a man and woman with Emeryville.

With the women of California as voters now this iniquitous measure ought to be piled under a stack of negative votes sky high.

STORY TELLING AS A MODE OF PREACHING.

All who heard the Rev. Herbert A. Jump at the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers on the 9th of this month were of opinion that story telling in Mr. Jump's fascinating way is a mode of preaching to be highly commended. He spoke on that subject and illustrated his address with several short stories which, gripping his adult hearers that day in an exceptional manner, gave indication of the fascinating way in which they must have appealed to the young mind when given from the pulpit.

In "The Jolly Trolly Line," The Pacific gives its readers this week a longer story which Mr. Jump gave to the children on a recent occasion when the whole morning service was devoted to them. That will indicate the characteristics of the successful short story for pulpit use.

In the course of his remarks that Monday the preacher said to his auditors: Feed the imagination; read poetry and fiction. The stories of Hans Christian Andersen were mentioned as worthy of being read and reread by the minister who would preach effectively to children.

The Pacific Coast secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society expressed the conviction that the address on "Story Telling as a Mode of Preaching" should be given in all our theological seminaries. It is not likely that the average minister could preach the gospel in story so delightfully as the pastor of the First Congregational of Oakland, but not a few doubtless could with training and practice do it quite effectively, and well wrought out information in this line would be fruitful of good.

There are not less than 150,000 Spanish Americans in California; 45,000 in Arizona; from 125,000 to 185,000 in New Mexico

THE MERCED RIVER.

Ever down to an unknown home,
From heaven's unknown I come.
  Ah, why this mad seething,
  Eternally wreathing
These flowers of silvery foam?

Why I go, what I am or shall be?
For a river there's naught but the sea.
  Some master is calling,
  And I, ever falling,
Know only my soul would be free.

—Harold Symmes.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

About two thousand books are added each year to the library of Pomona College, already a large one.

More than 700 telephones are in use by Chinese in San Francisco. They have four daily papers and three brass bands.

Secretary Fisher of the Sunday-school and Publishing Society will be in Washington for several weeks in Teacher Training Class work.

Secretary Tenney of the American Board has word from Boston that the Board closed the year on the 7th of September with a balance of $300.

A Berkeley correspondent of The Christian Evangelist, of St. Louis, has renamed Pacific Theological Seminary, calling it the "Pacific Union Theological Seminary."

"Great as has been the growth of Los Angeles in the past, it is now entering upon its greatest period of achievement," says a superintendent of religious work in that city.

The estimated value of the property of the First Methodist Church of Los Angeles is $500,000, and owing to its fine location it is thought that it will be much more valuable in the near future.

The Rev. Dr. Aked goes to Oregon next Monday to give several addresses in the campaign there for woman suffrage. At the invitation of the president he will speak in Eugene to the students of the State University. He speaks in Portland and other places and returns in time for his pulpit work next Sunday.

The Oakland Tribune contained an editorial article one day last week concerning church building now going on in Oakland, and therein remarked: "It is to be hoped that the present First Congregational Church will be replaced soon by a stately edifice on a more appropriate site." Doubtless in general the First Congregational people are one with The Tribune in hoping for a new and stately edifice suited to modern needs, but as to a more appropriate site many stand ready to argue that question.

The calendar of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles shows how its activities encircle the world. Following the names of the pastor, the pastor emeritus and the director of religious education are these: Foreign Pastor in Japan, Rev. W. L. Curtis, Niigata; Foreign Pastor in China, Rev. Frederick P. Beach, Foo Chow; Home Missionary Pastor, Rev. Thomas M. Buley, Calexico, Cal.; Chinese Branch Church, Mr. Lee San Hong, Acting Pastor; Japanese Branch Church, Rev. Magalio Muruya, pastor; Armenian Branch church, Mr. Aram Yeretzian, Acting pastor; Miss Mary Florence Denton, Japan; Miss Nina E. Rice, Turkey.

Since the 17th of May the Rev. Dr. Joseph K. Greene, the veteran missionary to Turkey, has traveled more than eight thousand miles, and has given seventy addresses in forty-one churches in twenty-seven different cities and towns—mostly on the Pacific Coast. Secretary Tenney of the American Board had a letter from him a few days ago written at Red Lodge, Montana, in which he expressed great delight in the reception which he has had everywhere from pastors and people. He writes that he has been very deeply impressed with the character of our Congregational constituents on the Pacific Coast. The Pacific knows whereof

it speaks when it says that Dr. Greene's tour has been of great inspiration and uplift to the cause of missions.

The Rev. Herbert A Jump told a large congregation in the First Congregational Church of Oakland Sunday evening why he liked California. One reason was because there is here "a realm of amazing natural beauty. People go to Norway for rocks, to Switzerland for mountains and snow, to Florida for fruit and flowers, to Maine for trees and solitude. But in California all are together, reached in a few hours." Contemplating California's past and present Mr. Jump expressed the judgment that the Golden State had been Uncle Sam's back door about as long as could be, and that very soon she was to be the front door with San Francisco as the door-knob. The unconventionality and the venturesomeness of the people were among other things mentioned as making California likeable. Mr. Jump likes California also because of the history here made, especially that in political reform in recent years. Another attraction mentioned is the climate, which invites to so much of open-air living. And "so many merry old people" were never seen elsewhere by this embryo California pioneer, now with us about eight months. Captivated in a few months! And among the many things contributing thereto, and not already herein mentioned, were fields of California poppies.

In his report to the California Conference in session in Pacific Grove this week, the Rev. Dr. Johnson, superintendent of Methodist mission work among the Japanese on the Pacific Coast, condemned that ill-advised procedure which led the Anti-Japanese Laundry League to bulletin San Francisco just before the coming of the Japanese Commission to select an Exposition site. Large posters were put up on which in conspicuous red letters were the words, "Fire the Jap." Dr. Johnson says that since Japanese laborers have ceased to come, as a result of the friendly official action of the Japanese government, one California problem has been how to secure an adequate supply of efficient labor. While that population is decreasing there are still here seventy-five or eighty thousand. According to Dr. Johnson women have formed a large percentage of the newer immigration, and Japanese homes are being established now, not only in the cities but in the rural districts where the Japanese have leased land and are conducting fruit and vegetable ranches successfully. In some cases they have purchased land. They have scattered more widely and are becoming more and more settled. "While Japanese immigrants have always maintained a good standard of intelligence and morality, the standard has been gradually raised by the Japanese government without whose consent no one can emigrate. This fact has made it very easy for our own government to deal with the Japanese immigration question."

The Rev. Dr. Edward James, superintendent of the Methodist mission work among the Chinese in San Francisco and Northern California, says that by far the larger number of American born Chinese are out of reach religiously by present methods and equipment. He says also that the survivors from among those who came many years ago and have not accepted the Christian faith are from the human viewpoint hopeless. "In every community survivors of the pre-exclusion act regime are promoters of gambling, opium, smoking licentiousness. They maintain the traps, and offer the baits that beguile the younger generation to their destruction. Our problem now is chiefly with the younger set mostly American born. Brought up in homes essentially pagan, though lacking the grosser forms of idolatry, without family discipline (either American or Chinese), roaming the streets where all conceivable forms of iniquity are unblushingly thrust into their faces, receiving all necessary English education from the public schools where all religion is taboo, and daily hearing Christianity slighted and slurred, mocked and maligned—our Christian missions, in their ordinary procedure, seem to have little appeal to them. He who can put us on the road to any great success in this field will write his name as a benefactor." Dr. James says further: "One result of the many evils surrounding the Chinese here is that many of them think these are the chief characteristic of our civilization, and that all people of quality and consideration belong to this type—that the rest are small folks of no consequence. So when you enter their shops, or meet them on the street, to speak to them of Jesus, and of a better life, of the way of salvation, they either give you a sinister leer or a quizzical look, as if to say, 'What are you giving us?' or, may be, 'Physician, heal thyself.' But vice is highly remunerative, and our cities are organized for remuneration, not for virtue."

THE BALANCED VIEW.

W. N. Burr.

A few weeks ago I was walking one afternoon through the streets of Douglas, Alaska, trying to be very alert to see everything of interest, for I never expect to go there again, and I wanted to learn all I could about life and conditions in "The Great Country." Not far away were the works of the Treadwell Mine. Across the channel two miles away lay Juneau, the capital of Alaska. And I was in Douglas—rather a forlorn place, it seemed to me, and yet tied so closely to Treadwell that it is raeher difficult to tell where one ends and the other begins. But it was a picture to make a man stop and think. Treadwell yonder, the second largest gold mine in the United States as to production, and as to tonnage the largest gold mine in the world. That mine has been in continuous operation for 30 years and over, and has produced in that time some $40,000,000. Eight hundred and eighty stamps are in operation at that mine, 300 of them under a single roof.

All that is interesting. But somehow my mind slipped from the gold to the 1500 to 1800 men employed at that mine. We had been over at Treadwell that morning, and a guide had taken us through one of the great stamp mills, and had then shown us the comforts and conveniences that the company had provided for the men—the neat, clean dining-room; the library and reading-room; the swimming tank and bath-rooms; the social and entertainment room, etc. One cannot easily think of anything more that the company could have done for the physical and social life of the miners, and the other workmen about the mine.

But as I looked into the faces of those fellows and thought of the life of each one of them that lies deeper than his outside life, I could not help longing for some evidence that something was being done to cleanse and feed that out-of-sight life of theirs.

The guide was telling us something of the wages paid to the men, when a good woman from Los Angeles asked him: "What do these men do with their money? Are they trying to make good use of it, or do they spend it easily at saloons?" And the guide smiled and replied: "Well, you know what miners are, madam." And I suppose most of us took it to mean that the saloons get some

considerable portion of the wages of those men; and some of us realized that more than their money went from them through the saloon avenue. That life of a man that is not of the body was being drawn on and dissipated. The great need of those men was that the inner life should be encouraged and cared for. If there is nothing of a man but his body and his brain and his social nature, then all that he needs is a good dining-room, and a library and reading-room, and a swimming-pool and bath-room, and a social and entertainment room, and such things as shall meet the demands of body, brain, and social nature. But the words of Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, are true, true words: "There is a spirit in man."

My mind was full of the experiences and thoughts of the morning over at Treadwell as I walked about Douglas that afternoon. And in the midst of it my eye caught sight of a small "dodger" tacked to a post at a street-corner. It was an announcement of the services at the Congregational Church in Douglas, and the sermon topics for three successive Sundays. And these were the three topics:

1. "What is the Matter with the Church?"
2. "What is the Matter with the Bible?"
3. "What is the Matter with Me?"

I was soon pondering those questions, especially the first one, in the light of the Treadwell experience—"What is the Matter with the Church?" And I said to myself: "If there is anything the matter with the Church is it not this: that it has allowed its God-given vision of man's physical and social and intellectual need to obscure its vision of man's finer, deeper need? Not that the Church is giving too much attention to the bodies and brains of men, and to the betterment of conditions that shall improve the health, and the housing, and everything else that pertains to man's physical, social and intellectual life—the Church must, in this day, show that its heart is big with desire, and its hands ready for service, to make better the outside life of humanity. But under the pressure of this vision has not the vision of the heart of the whole matter become dimmed, so that even the Church is no longer profoundly thrilled by the supreme announcement: 'Thou shalt call His name Jesus; for it is HE that shall save His people from their sins?'—save them from wrong conditions in the outside life and from wrong conditions of the inner life? Is it not true that the passion of Jesus Christ, 'the Church's one Foundation,' centered on something more vital than a reasonable amount of the meat that perisheth, desirable as that is? Is it not true that the Church is demanding for leaders in this day men of the strongest possible executive ability to manage its enterprises centering on the physical, social, and intellectual uplift of man, with spiritual fitness as rather a secondary consideration? Is it not true that in trying to place proper emphasis upon the relation of man to man we have not lost, but dimmed, our vision of the relation of God's only-begotten Son to man, and man's proper relation to Him? Is all this not true of the Church—that it is not carrying as it should the vision of man's Divine Saviour over into its blessed vision of human betterment? Is not Graham Taylor right when he says: 'The state is not more committed to the humanizing of religion than is the Church to the spiritualizing and sanctifying of the state?' And is the Church holding itself closely enough to Him out of Whose travail it was born to do well its work of spiritualizing and sanctifying?"

These reflections that were started that afternoon in a little Alaska town have been gathering force since the home-coming; and I could not well keep them out of this correspondence.

The most common mistake that we mortals are inclined to make is the failure to see the two sides of a given proposition. The side that most strongly appeals to us is likely to loom so large as to become, in our eyes, the whole thing; so that people of the present-day socialistic, or the humanitarian temper—"the practical," they are likely to be calling it—are likely to minimize the deep spiritual need of humanity; and people who incline towards religious mysticism are likely to be disregarding the humanitarian call of the present-day demand for "social reconstruction." What is needed is the balanced view that shall be taking in both, and leading to close study of the relation of each to the other. And are we not, generally speaking, tipping most heavily on the so-called "practical" side—not because we are giving too much attention to man's need of the meat that perisheth, but because we are giving too little attention to man's need of that meat which endureth unto everlasting life?

La Canada, California.

THE CHARM OF THE COUNTRY PARISH.

Fenwicke Lindsay Holmes.

A country parish invites him who loves a life in the open, who delights in the freedom and the charm of the Great Out-of-Doors, who feels deeply the appeal of elemental life. This is the only possible outlet for him who would live among his fellows in a helpful, social way, and still enjoy the pleasure of the simple life. It is undoubtedly true that life is complex everywhere today, even in the country, that pressing problems of modern civilization—the distribution of land, the increased cost and the higher standard of living, the complex social life and interests—militate against the simple life and demand strenuous activity; yet there are possibilities here, as nowhere else, of touching life at its source and in its more simple forms.

A country minister has his garden. None but the experienced can realize the enjoyment that can be obtained, after one has been a student for years, in getting back to work with the hands, in pulverizing the soil, dropping the seed, and watching the tender shoots break the ground and grow from day to day. There is an unequalled fascination in observing these miracles of nature. There comes to a man an inexplicable glow of feeling, a sense that he is the creator of them all. This fresh-springing life becomes to him a revelation, for the closer he gets to the mysteries of Nature the less does God appeal to him as a mystery.

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot,
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
The veriest school of peace;
And yet the fool contends that God is not.
Not God in gardens when the eve is cool?
'Tis very sure God walks in mine."
Nay, but I have a sign,

In Southern California with its all-year summer a man lives and sleeps out-of-doors; he touches Nature at first hand on every side. He delights in the great sun-glories, in bird melodies, in the little wild things he meets in the fields and on the highway. Many a morning I have awakened to the full-throated chorus of "the poets of the air," or the triumphant melody of a solitary songster; many a time I have seen the sun push his almost unannounced face above the rim of the horizon and sail all day through a tranquil sky, or in the winter season beheld him rise in shrouded splendor, battle with the clouds through daylight hours and at evening with a final flash of darts couch himself defiantly in the parti-colored robes of sunset.

The landscape lends its charm. From my porch I see a dozen greens, the sprouting grain-fields, the darker alfalfa, the willows marching in a straggling line up the creek, serried rows of orange and lemon trees, and beyond the

gray-green groves of olives. Away down the valley lies Corona in her emerald setting, to the north and east rises a lofty range of mountains, the crest of Old Baldy towering above, the most proud of them all. Their snowy winter mantles contrast so strangely with the sun-flecked groves below as to make the scene world-famous.

Similar to the pleasure in the inanimate things of Nature is that in the ownership and development of live things. I had hens and chickens. They would run across the field or yard on my approach, light on my pail or arm and eat from my hand. I came into possession of a pup, a mongrel but unusually handsome and bright, and I took delight in training him. He was a proficient scholar, would count, add and subtract numbers under six, yawn, sit up, roll over and perform many other tricks. I put him on exhibition at a local entertainment one night and he brought down the house. So live things give pleasure.

For me few enjoyments excell that of a ride by night through the country. The stars and the moon above, the white road winding through the valley, the brisk sound of the horses' feet in the night stillness have an indescribable charm. A country pastor can have his own horse or depend on the liberality of his neighbor. In our section horses are plentiful, my next neighbor left one always at my disposal or himself drove me where I wished to go. Several times the Y. P. S. C. E. went a visiting to the Corona society seven miles away, or over to the Valley schoolhouse. Twelve to fourteen people old and young sat on folding chairs in a big spring wagon, others followed by carriage, and still others on horseback, like the outriders of stagecoach days. Hymns in chorus, quartettes, and solos, thrilled the stillness, and lonely farmhouses woke to new life as the Cavalcade of the Church swept by. There is about such a care-free, innocent occasion a joyous nearness to God beneath the stars, a happy fellowship of faith such as can be imagined only by him who has had some similar experience. It has more than the pleasant features of the hay-rack rides in summer and the pung rides over the snowy fields in winter that some of us enjoyed as boys on the farm away back in NewEngland. The frequency of such occasions is entirely at the discretion of the pastor. The old as well as the young stand ready to make it possible and go with him whenever and wherever he wishes.

The deepest delight of the country parish, however, lies not in these things, but in the people themselves. When once you have won your way to their affection which is no difficult task if you give them your own, there is a responsiveness that will be met with nowhere else. Country hospitality is famous. The homes are really homes not houses; the style of architecture may be poor; indeed there may be no style about it, but it is homelike inside and you are welcome to a tempting meal. People, too, are generous. I received many indications of this. They brought me laying hens, table poultry, fresh pork, milk, cream, butter, oranges, lemons, grain and grain-hay for my hens. These were frequent, not occasional gifts. They were brought in not to eke out a slender salary but in the old-fashioned spirit of neighborliness.

And the crown of all this is the satisfaction and effectiveness of work with the people in a country community. The pastor knows where his people are and what they are doing. He needs not to fear that the good results he secured on Sunday will be marred by some influence on Monday of which he will be in ignorance. On the contrary he can keep in touch with the week-day life of all the parish and know very exactly the character of their associations. The dance hall the card-parlor, the saloon, and questionable amusements rarely complicate his problem. Grave problems and dangers he will face but not that of encountering a subtile and unknown foe. Most of the social life will center around the church and come under his direction. During the four months November, December, January, and February, just past, for which I kept records there were held in our neighborhood forty social gatherings. Of this number three were dances, the last of "the old order changing, yielding place to new," three were Sunday "turkey shoots, three or four were school affairs. The others save for family gatherings were under the auspices of the church or of organizations initated and promoted by it. There were thus only about a half-dozen affairs which the pastor could not have attended or at which he would not have been a welcome guest. There is in this fact a reason for the success one has with country boys. They crave social life; they appreciate any efforts made to secure it in their behalf, and their responsiveness to the affection of their leader is very gratifying. This is one of the great charms of the country parish, that the pastor may have a comparatively unchallenged influence over the young and their undivided affection.

The allurements of Nature at first hand, the fascination in animal life, the delightsomeness of open-hearted country folks and country ways, the gratifying sense of approved leadership, all combine to form the great charm of the country parish. Thus, to look forward to the country pastorate as a life's vocation is no mean ambition for a young man. The possibilities are unlimited, the allurements are equally so to him who has a poet's heart and a faith as simple and as beautiful as the lilies of the field.

Corona Union Congregational Church 1911-1912, Corona, California, R. F. D. 1.

THE JOLLY TROLLEY LINE.

A Wonder Tale.

Herbert Atchinson Jump.

Once upon a time there was a town called Hardscrabble. And the name just fitted the place. In Hardscrabble it was hard to earn a living, hard to make friends, hard to go to school, hard to get up in the morning, hard to go to bed at night. The children found it hard to keep happy for there were no birds or flowers. They also found it hard to run errands for the hills were steep and no trolley cars whizzed by every ten minutes. In Hardscrabble nobody ever sang, nobody ever whistled, nobody played the piano, and the one piano in town wheezed and groaned as though it were choking to death. Every hinge on every door squeaked, every wagon in the street rattled as though it were full of shells and dry bones, and every dog had a nasty habit of snarling. The grass in the front yards of Hardscrabble had wilted long ago and even the weeds were too discouraged to spring up. All in all, you could not have found a more dismal town if you had traveled for a month of Sundays.

"What are we coming to" asked everybody, and there wasn't any answer to the question. And so because they had so little to make them glad in Hardscrabble, the boys and girls spent their time in reading fairy stories all day long. The fairy story had no steep hills and no squeaking hinges and no wilted grass. In the fairy story everything was rich and sunshiny and beautiful. And after they had finished reading the stories they would get together to talk, and a boy would say, "Oh, I wish I could be a prince for just one day." And a girl would pipe up, "if only I could be a princess for just one hour." But their wishes never came true though they wished them many, many times. "No, nothing like a fairy story can ever happen in Hardscrabble," said the Cheery Old Gentlemen who sat every day under the oak tree near the watering trough; and if he said so, that settled it, for he always looked on the bright side of things.

But one day something did happen very much like a fairy story. The Cheery Old Gentleman had just taken his seat under the oak on a Thursday afternoon, when a queer looking Stranger came down the street walking as though he had important business with somebody. His face was as bright and fat as a round, ripe pumpkin. He had a daisy in his button hole. He wore spectacles as big as saucers, and best of all he knew how to shake hands with you so that you felt happy all over. He walked straight to the oak tree by the watering trough, smiled at the Cheery Old Gentleman, said, 'Excuse me," and then nailed up a big red sign on the tree. It wasn't so high but that boys and girls could read it. Then he hurried on down the street as though he had important business with somebody else, and the Cheery Old Gentleman slowly arose from his chair and read the sign. It contained only two words:

"Watch Out."

"Well, I never," exclaimed the Cheery Old Gentleman. And all the afternoon the boys and girls on their way home

from school gazed at the mysterious card and said "Well, we never." They asked the Cheery Old Gentleman if he knew who nailed the strange sign up there, and he described to them the man with the saucer spectacles. "But that is all I can say about it" he would add, "and anyway it won't amount to much; nothing ever does in Hardscrabble—" which was as much fault-finding as the Cheery Old Gentleman ever indulged in.

The next day was Friday, and when the boys and girls went past the oak tree on their way to school, they saw no Cheery Old Gentleman sitting there, for it was too early in the day. But they saw the big red sign, "Watch Out," and they asked one another, "What shall we watch out for?" and nobody knew.

That afternoon the Cheery Old Gentleman was dozing as usual by the watering trough when the saucer-spectacle man again apepared. He had another sign with him, and after he had said "excuse me" and had shaken hands with the Cheery Old Gentleman so that individual felt happy all over, he nailed this second card right under the first card. The new sign was blue and it said:

"It's Coming Tomorrow."

"What is coming?" asked the Cheery Old Gentleman of the Stranger, but the Stranger with the sunny pumpkin face and the daisy in his button hole had disappeared down the street as though business with somebody was becoming more and more important every minute.

Later when the boys and girls passed by on their way home from school, they asked the Cheery Old Gentleman what was coming tomorrow, and because the Stranger had not told him, he could not tell the boys and girls. So everybody went to bed in Hardscrabble that night wondering what was going to happen on Saturday, and perhaps some of the young people wondered so hard that they did not sleep very well. At any rate there was a lot of dreaming among the children before morning. Some of the boys imagined in their sleep that they heard men with pick-axes and shovels digging, digging, digging! Some of the girls thought in their sleep that they heard men with hammers and crowbars pounding, pounding, pounding! And in the morning when they woke up and looked out of the window, they realized that they hadn't been dreaming at all; for right through the midst of the dull, sleepy, old town of Hardscrabble ran the most beautiful trolley line you ever saw. The poles were of shining, polished nickle. The copper wire was as big as your finger and gleamed like gold. The ties were of black walnut wood. The rails sparkled like two lines of silver. And flowers, pink, purple and red were growing all along the side of the track. The mysterious trolley came into town from somewhere, ran along past the square where the Cheery Old Gentleman used to sit under the oak tree near the watering trough, and left town for somewhere else.

Of course everybody asked questions of everybody else about the new trolley line, and all they could learn was that probably it had something to do with the Stranger who had lately tacked the two signs up on the oak tree. Even the Cheery Old Gentleman who generally had some explanation for everything had nothing to say when he appeared about ten o'clock in the morning to take his usual place near the watering trough. And the folks were still gathered around his chair guessing, wondering, asking questions, when the gleaming trolley wire began to whir and shiver.

"A car is coming." somebody shouted, and before you could say "Jack Robinson," a great shining trolley car came bounding into sight round the corner. It was painted all the colors of the rainbow. Its searchlight was as big as a full moon. It had sleighbells instead of a gong. And on the back platform standing by the conductor was the Stranger with spectacles as large as saucers and who knew how to shake hands.

Smack in the middle of Hardscrabble the car came to a stop. As the boys and girls crowded up close, the stranger began to pass out satin handbills, pearl-gray printed in bronze-colored ink, and a moment later everybody was reading the handbills. These said that a Jolly Trolley Line had been built to run from Hardscrabble and other places to Princes' Park. It said also that this Jolly Trolley Line would carry all passengers who could get a ticket. Everyone who got a ticket would have free transportation to the Land of Beautiful things.

How do we get a ticket?" "Where is Princes' Park?" "When do the cars begin to run?" These and a dozen other questions were shouted out by the children as soon as they read the handbills. And then the Stranger with the daisy in his button-hole stood on the step of the rainbow trolley car and told them all about the new trolley line.

"You can spell Princes' Park," he said, "in two ways—with the apostrophe before the 'S' or with the apostrophe after the two 'SS.' It is a place for girls as well as boys. It is a wonderful park far beyond the sunset clouds where every lad who wants to be a prince and every lassie who wants to be a princess will have their wishes granted."

"In Princes' Park," he said, "you don't feel it if you are tired; you don't remember it if you are poor; if you have only one leg it does not worry you any, for you are happier with your one leg than most folks are with their two legs."

"In Princess' Park," he said, "you always have what you want, because you always want what you have. It is the place to be merry, the place to grow strong, the place to meet all the beautiful things. And you get there only by the Jolly Trolley Line."

"Oh, Mr. Stranger" called out the boys and girls in concert, "give us some tickets for the Park," and they pushed and scrambled and tugged to get closer to the car platform where he was standing.

"Don't be excited," he said, "for there is only one way to get a ticket on the Jolly Trolley Line. Listen: this is the rule of the company—

You Pay Your Fare By What You Are.

"Now the first trip starts this afternoon at two o'clock. Remember you pay your fare by what you are—" and the Stranger with the daisy in his button hole told the conductor to "go ahead," and an instant later the trolley car was dancing down the street like a living animal.

Everybody peered curiously at the new car as it began to move. They saw signs up over the windows inside that said "Uneeda Smile," "Sunshine Soap makes the day bright," "Try a good joke—57 varieties," Wear Happy Suspenders—they keep the spirits up." They also listened as it began to roll along over the ties, and before long the rattle of the wheels seemed to sing a song. The Cheery Old Gentleman was the first to notice it, but before long all the boys and girls and some of the older people could hear the rhythm of the magic car:

"Clickety-clip! Clickety-clip!
Come everybody, zeripp! zeripp!
There's room for all on this trip, this trip.
All ready! Bang, Bang; We're off; Hark, hark!
Make way for the trolley to Princess' Park!
Be sweet and true in day or dark,
And you'll get a free ride to Princess' Park.
There boys are kings, and girls are queens,
And everyone says what everyone means.
There birds always sing and skies always shine,
And nobody quarrels about mine or thine.
Clear the track, you people! I want to remark—
I'm the Big Jolly Trolley for Princes' Park."

"What a merry song!" the people all said: Fainter and fainter it sounded, until finally the car disappeared round a curve in the road.

Then the buzzing of talk began. You would have thought a million bumble-bees were all telling their stories at once. "I wonder if I can get a ticket." "What do you suppose Princess' Park is like anyway?" "Did you ever see such eyes as looked out at you through those saucer-spectacles?" "Wasn't the car simply gorgeous? I hope I can pay my fare in some way."

Eleven o'clock! Twelve o'clock! One o'clock! Would two o'clock never come? Yes, it finally arrived, and it found the square at Hardscrabble crammed and jammed with all the boys and girls of the town, and everyone gazing up the track to catch the first glimpse of the Jolly Trolley car. Soon the coper wire began to whir, and then the song began:

"Clickety-click! Clickety-click!
Come everybody, zeripp! zeripp!"

And it sang itself right through to the end!

"Clear the track, you people! I want to remark,
I'm the big Jolly Trolley for Princes' Park."

Ding! The conductor rang the bell over the motorman's head, and the car stopped opposite the oak tree, near the watering trough. The Stranger with the specatcles big as saucers jumped off, shook hands with the Cheery Old Gentleman until that individual felt happy all over again, and then began to look around him.

"Well, well, well! what a crowd of boys and girls! Everyone in Hardscrabble is here, I should say. Where do you all want to go?"

"To Princes' Park," they all shouted, and some of them shouted it with the apostrophe before the "S" and some with the apostrophe after the "S S", but it sounded the same in both cases.

"Of course you remember what I told you?" the Stranger asked.

"Yes, yes" the youngsters shouted, "you pay your fare by what you are."

"All right," said the Stranger, "let's begin to load up. Who will be first? Tommy come here!"

A little fellow in a blue suit stepped up. The Stranger stooped over, put his eyes down close to Tommy's face and looked. Tommy saw the spectacles as big as saucers for an instant, and then he didn't see anything else, for to look into those eyes behind the spectacles was like looking into the shining sun. The Stranger seemed to be boring a hole straight through him.

"No," declared the Spectacle man solemnly after a moment of looking, "you are not fit to be a prince. I see you struck your little sister in anger yesterday. There's no ticket for you"—and Tommy tried to hide himself in the crowd.

"Remember" warned the Stranger," you pay your fare by what you are. Who's next? This lad with red hair, let me look at you," Mickey Reilly tried to draw back. "I ain't fit to go to any Prince's Park," he mumbled and blushed with shyness. But the eyes were already looking into his very soul. "What's this I see?" ejaculated the saucer-spectacled man," a baseball player who gave up a championship game on Saturday in order to carry down ashes for his mother and clean up the back yard? That's what I call fine. Step up Mickey, here's a ticket for you. You are the kind we want on the Jolly Trolley Line."

And so the examination went on, and part of the boys and girls received tickets and part did not. And all the while the Cheery Old Gentleman looked on and smiled approvingly. A girl in a gay sash who came prancing up declaring she knew would get a ticket stole back a moment later with her face as long as a flag-pole. The Stranger had told her, 'You pay your fare not by what you say but what you are." Another girl who was a friend to all the birds and lame dogs of the neighborhood got not only a ticket for herself but an extra ticket to give away to a friend.

I haven't time to tell all about the children who were chosen for the Jolly Trolley ride. But everyone who received a ticket had done a deed that fitted him or her to be a prince or a princess, and so finally the car was full, and the conductor rang "ding-dong!" and they were off for the Land of Beautiful Things, and the car seemed to sing louder than ever:

"All ready, bang, bang! We're off, hark, hark!
Make way for the trolley to Princes' Park.
Be sweet and true in day or dark,
And you'll get a free ride to Princess' Park.

As they went out of sight round the corner, the last thing they saw was the Cheery Old Gentleman waving goodbye to them with a big red bandanna handkerchief, which was the best kind of handkerchief anybody owned in the town of Hardscrabble.

During the next few days the children who had been left behind gradually realized that it was harder than ever to be happy in Hardscrabble. Somehow their games did not go along smoothly. There were spats and quarrels all the while. They missed their mates who had disappeared by the magic trolley line.

"It feels here like a strawberry basket with all the strawberries spilt out," said somebody, and one by one they decided they would make themselves ready for the saucer-spectacled Stranger if ever he came again to find passengers for the Jolly Trolley Line.

Well, he hasn't come yet, but some say perhaps he will appear again, with his daisy in his button hole and his knack of shaking hands so as to make you feel happy all over. And when his rainbow car sings its song again:

"Come everybody, zeripp, zeripp!
There's room for all on this trip, this trip"—

I fancy that every seat on the car will be filled by the boys who have made themselves worthy to be princes and the girls who have made themselves worthy to be princesses. And then there won't be an Hardscrabble any more. And as for the Cheery Old Gentleman, I don't know what he will do unless he loads himself into the last car along with all the boys and girls who are bound for the land of Beautiful Things. And he belongs in the car anyway, for after all, as the spectacle man looks at the matter, an old gentleman who is cheery inside isn't really an old gentleman at all: he is still a boy at heart, and so he belongs with the boys and girls on that jolly trolley car where you pay your fare by what you are.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

A Visit to the Upper Story.

Go with me to that white adobe house of two stories, tiled roof, wooden balconies, many doors but no windows. We knock. A black servant—if she chance to be at home—comes to the door, inquires our business, reports and asks us in. If the servant be not in, a sharp voice within asks "Quien es?" and when assured that it is neither a beggar nor a peddler, the lady comes to the door and with great politeness invites us in. She has on neither shoes nor stockings, her dress is unfastened and gapes a foot or more, but she does not care and we do not see. She leads us to seats and resumes her place in the hammock. She was lying in it when we came but now sits, so as to converse with us. But what shall we talk about? If we ask her about her country, its laws, government, etc., or anything political, she is ignorant as a child. If we inquire about the last French novel, she knows all about it. She knows there is such a place as the U. S. A. (she calls it America and is offended if you call her an American) for she has seen thousands of so called Americans passing through the city. If you begin to gossip she is voluble. She knows all about all her neighbors and is not chary with her knowledge.

Having a little time to look about, you are struck with the number of chairs around the room. Most of these are of rude construction, upright, with seats, perhaps, of dried cow skin. At one end of the room is a very old bureau, and a few very ordinary engravings adorn the walls. The floor is of red bricks, damp and dirty.

I pause here to note the great disproportion of girls in the families of the upper stories. One man told me that he had seventeen children, only three of them boys. I am told that this disproportion exists all through Spanish America, and is quite a trial to fathers who must support all the daughters for whom they canont find husbands. In former times the nunneries were refuge for many of these lone young women, but since the closing of most of these many of the girls must have foreigners for husbands or have none.

Now comes the summons to dinner. A large table gathers the most of us, but the younger girls have dishes filled from the table and taken to them in their corners. There

are no courses at this meal, for all the food is placed on the table at once. There are no roasts or baked meats for they have no means for cooking these, but stews and semi-liquid foods abound. The most common and popular dish is "saircoche," strongly seasoned with the native peppers, which we call cayenne. Then there are baked plantains, fried fish, coarse corn meal bread, rice boiled in water or the juice of cocoanuts, onions and okre. Then follow cups of chocolate or strong coffee without milk. Pastry is almost unknown for the reason before named, viz., the lack of kitchen conveniences. Ranges and cook stoves are unknown. In the best houses even, the cooking arrangement is a table or large trough on legs, and filled with sand or small stones set in mortar, and on the level surface bricks or stones arranged to suit the size of the dishes set on them, and a fire is kindled under each dish or earthen pot.

And now dinner over, we gladly hear a proposal from our host, who came in just before dinner was ready, to take a ride over the "sabana" (grassy plain). There are no carriages here, and all must ride on horses or mules. Our tiny horses (a few wealthy men have larger horses, imported) accoutred with military bridles and Mexican saddles with high pommels, and brass stirrups, like shoes without quarters. The ladies have side-saddles (an innovation; they used to ride astride) and lighter bridles than ours. They are good riders and delight in these excursions, as well they may, for they have very few such privileges. Off we dash, over the broken pavements, scattering the men, pigs and dogs that throng the way, and in a few minutes are outside the walls, and having no need for further display, subside into a quick pace.

All continued stories break in most undesirable places.

CHRISTIAN HYMNS ADAPTED TO BUDDHISTIC USE.

A Buddhist priest in California has modified some of the Christian hymns so as to suit his faith and is making use of them in the religious services conducted by him. One of the good old hymns runs as follows:

"O for a thousand tongues, to sing
My holy Buddha's praise;
The glories of my teacher great,
The triumphs of his grace.

"Buddha, the name that kills our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the speaker's ears,
'Tis life, and health and peace.

"Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Buddha come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy."

Modifications have been made of "Nearer My God to Thee," and "Joy to the World."

A perfect gift thy Father gives to thee—
Thyself, with all thy powers. Yet all will be
Imperfect, weak and in captivity,
Till thou, His child, give all thyself away
To God and to thy brother, day by day.
—T. C. Williams.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB MEETING.

The San Francisco Bay Congregational Club gave a reception to the Rev. Robert Walker and family of the Green Street Church in the parlors of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco Monday evening.

Presbyterians and Congregationalists were present in large numbers, the aim being to mark in this inter-denominational way the recently started union work of those denominations among the Italians and Spanish of the North Beach part of the city.

Mr. I. H. Morse presided. He spoke of the gratification to him in that he had lived to see the inauguration of this united work which he regarded as something that would spread over the country very greatly for the good of man and the glory of God.

Dr. Aked told of his acquaintance of 22 years with Mr. Walker, and of what he expected to see here in San Francisco from the efforts of this man of consecration, of wide and generous culture and of power. Referring to the foreigners already here and of the thousands soon to come Dr. Aked said that we must think and plan big things here for the Kingdom.

The foreign born now living in San Francisco number 175,000. There are 30,000 Jews. We will have our hands more than full when the Panama Canal brings the inrush confidently expected. The brand of a real Christianity must be put on them if America is to be the land God wants it to be.

President Landon of the Presbyterian Thological Seminary at San Anselmo laid emphasis on the business-like policy of uniting the denominations in this work—a unique effort to which eyes all over the country were turned, all of the difficulties of which would be solved if they walked in the spirit of unity. It might, and it might not lead to any organic unity, but great good was bound to come from it; and he urged an effort to bring other denominations to unite in the work.

Prof. McGiffert of Union Theological Seminary, New York, was a guest that evening; asked to speak, he said that he rejoiced greatly in the work and congratulated the assembled Presbyterians and Congregationalists in that they had come to the kingdom for such a time and effort as this. Significant of the trend of the times and of the fields young men choose who desire the greatest service, he told of three fellowships declined by some of the brightest young men at Union—fellowships which carried with them study abroad, in order that they might give themselves to such work as Mr. Walker is undertaking here in San Francisco.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary remarked, when called on to speak, that he felt like leading a consecration meeting. In the interests of so great a work he counseled a drawing near to God and so to each other. All narrowness and pettiness should be put away, and the aim be to work out all possible union; for we are working not for this city alone, but for the world.

Before introducing Mr. Walker, Mr. Morse said to him that he regarded it as one of the greatest privileges of his life to extend him a welcome from the two denominations and the wide pledge of support.

Mr. Walker in his opening remarks paid deserved tribute to his wife and children as helpers in his work—to whom, however, all hearts had been already instinctively drawn. In the course of his talk Mr. Walker set forth some of his experiences with Roman Catholicism in Italy and so inci-

dentally as well as directly some of the difficulties of the work on which he has entered. As well by what he didn't say as by what he did say Mr. Walker commended himself as a wise and tactful worker, one from whom much may be expected in the task which confronts the churches of this region in the North Beach district of San Francisco.

One of the pleasing features of the evening was the singing, by request, of songs in Italian, by the three daughters and the son.

A closing hymn, sung by all, ran—

"Thy Gospel-heralds dare not rest,
Till through the world Thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

"Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
The Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right."

Officers of the Club were elected as follows:

President, I. H. Morse; vice-president, A. W. Palmer; secretary, Chas. M. Bufford; treasurer, H. F. Dexter; members of executive committee, Prof. C. H. Ham and Geo. Hinman; auditor, E. T. Leiter.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Secretary Wikoff has gone East to have part in a campaign in New England for Church Building Society funds.

The Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder, who has been taking a vacation on the mainland, returned this week to Honolulu.

The First Congregational Church of Los Angeles has a weekly cafeteria supper—Wednesday evenings, just before the hour for the midweek meeting.

The Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, has purchased a 70-acre tract of land near Los Gatos, and will reside there.

Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary gave three addresses on the Creeds of the Poets at the annual meeting of the Itinerants' Club of the California Methodist Conference at Pacific Grove last week.

The Green Street Church began last Sunday its work among the Italians of San Francisco. In a street service about 200 persons were gathered and 70 responded to an invitation to a church service immediately following.

"What the Average Citizen Now Expects from Our Public Schools" will be the topic for an address next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, by Roy H. Campbell of Palo Alto.

The Rev. Robert Walker of the Green Street Church gave an address at a recent Monday meeting of the Methodist ministers of San Francisco. The California Christian Advocate says that "his address was received with enthusiasm."

At the annual meeting of the Publishing Company of The Pacific held in San Francisco last Monday the following named persons were elected directors: E. P. Flint, Walter Frear, I. H. Morse, C. H. Ham, J. B. Orr, J. W. Buckham, W. W. Ferrier. Mr. Flint is president of the board, Mr. Frear secretary.

The Rev. J. B. Orr of the Market Street Congregational Church of Oakland is giving a series of Sunday evening addresses on Yosemite, illustrated by stereopticon views. The Church had held no evening service for seven years until Mr. Orr came. The first Sunday evening there were 105 persons in attendance; the second, 170.

A day of two after the home of Rev. C. L. Mears of Alameda was burglarized and his watch carried away he received word from Shreve & Co. of San Francisco that a new watch had been ordered for him and would be delivered as soon as some engraving on the case could be made. It is his now anonymously from a member of his church.

The First Congregational Church of San Francisco will have as a near neighbor for several months the Fourth Christian Science Church, which has rented for its Sunday morning and Wednesday evening meetings the large auditorium in the new building of the Native Sons. This Christian Science organization plans to build in the Richmond district.

During September the Rev. E. H. Willisford of the Congregational Church of Glendale is giving some timely messages on such topics as Greatness of Gentleness; Helping the Other Fellow; Getting Well Without Doctors—Drugs and Christian Science; What Have They More Than We? Sunday evening, September 15th, Mrs. Willisford gave a reading, "The Lost Word," by Van Dyke.

Last week we mentioned the trip abroad which Professor Day of the San Francisco Theological Seminary was about to take. Since then we have learned that he goes first to Berlin, where one of his sons is studying; then to St. Petersburg, where he has another son. While there he will see Moscow and Kieff, and will sail from the Crimea to Constantinople, and thence to Greece, and on to Italy, where he plans to spend the winter. In the spring and early summer he will be in Egypt and Palestine, and plans to return home through Europe and the British Isles, reaching California in September of next year.

Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, celebrated its 62d anniversary last Sunday. On the calendar under the caption of "Greetings" was the following: "Howard Presbyterian Church seeks to honor itself on this Sixty-second Anniversary of its organization by paying honor to its first pastor, now emeritus, the Rev. Samuel H. Willey D. D., to whose untiring energies as a wise and patient builder very much of the after strength of the church both to advance and to stand fast has been due. To him in his Berkeley home this day, therefore, Howard Presbyterians send loving greetings, as he climbs cheerily and in the glory of his faith these culminating years of his near-century of earthly life and service. It is the desire of this people that he may always know he is looked upon as a father in the house of his children."

In an editorial article the Oakland Tribune of recent date had what it called "a word of praise" for the new parish-house of Plymouth Congregational Church: "It is admirably designed and equipped for the work planned by the pastor and congregation. It is an attractive religious, social and civic center that is doing a world of good for young people. Its chief aim is to inculcate the gospel of

clean living and good citizenship, and by providing recreation of a wholesome and instructive kind, it popularizes the church and brings its activities in close touch with the daily life of the community. The parish-house is a handsome structure built of brick, and commands the favorable attention of all who see it. While prayers reach heaven as readily from a hovel as from a palace, the religious spirit of a community is faithfully portrayed by the edifices devoted to public worship. They testify to the devotional spirit and loyalty to faith. As faith is firm and enduring, so should be the edifices erected as its manifestation. Why should the temples of God be less magnificent than the temples of Mammon? It gives a city a sordid air to see splendid buildings devoted to commerce and cheap shabby structures devoted to the worship of God. The comparison conveys the impression that the people esteem the dollar more highly than they do the Diety. When the churches are equal in splendor and dignity to the buildings devoted to trade and finance, it is proof that religious progress is keeping pace with material progress, and that faith is glorified by the pride and public spirit of those who cherish it."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

Loleta.—Rev. J. R. Shoemaker, pastor of the churches of Loleta and Alton, is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. Will be removed from the hospital in Eureako shortly to his home in Loleta. The Revs. H. E. Banham of Eureka and K. K. Clark of Ferndale have rendered valuable aid to Mrs. Shoemaker in caring for the work of the churches.

Ceres.—Four were received into our fellowship at the September communion, making twenty-one since January. There is a spirit of hopefulness throughout the church. The building is taxed pretty nearly to the limit of its capacity at the morning service. The best interests of our growing work will render an enlargement necessary in the near future.

Corona.—Following the custom of recent years, this church has held union preaching services with the Baptists during two months of the summer time, the pastors in turn taking their vacations without interruption of the Sunday or midweek meetings. As hitherto the results were most happy. Rev. Chester Ferris is giving two Sunday evening lectures on "A Tale of Two Cities: The Higher Life of Seattle and Lights and Shadows in San Francisco." These are from material gathered in his recent trip North along the Coast, including illustrations which are thrown upon the screen with a reflectoscope.

Oakland Fourth.—The Rev. Alfred Kennedy has entered on the pastorate. The Santa Clara correspondent of the San Jose Mercury says in that paper for Sept. 8th: "The Rev. Alfred J. Kennedy, who for the past three years has been pastor of the Santa Clara Methodist Episcopal Church, announced his resignation as pastor of the church to the congregation at the services this morning. This evening the other churches united with the Methodist congregation in a union service, which was in the form of a farewell to the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, who preached his farewell sermon. Brief addresses were made by the Rev. James Falconer of the Presbyterian Church and other pastors. The Rev. Mr. Kennedy leaves her during the week for Oakland, where he has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Fourth Congregational Church in that city and will enter on his new duties next Sunday. During his residence in this vicinity he made many friends and his departure from Santa Clara will be the occasion of much sorrow. He is a graduate of the College of the Pacific and of the Congregational Seminary at Berkeley. For a period of ten years he has been a prominent pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church. During that time he was pastor for three years of one of the Methodist churches in Oakland, two years in Berkeley, two years at Evergreen and for three years in Santa Clara."

NEW CHURCH BUILDING PLANNED FOR LONG BEACH.

Wednesday evening last the Congregational Church of Long Beach adopted plans for a new church building recommended by the Board of Trustees, and a building committee was appointed to push the project to completion. The plans accepted were the work of Mr. H. M. Patterson, a Los Angeles architect, and call for the construction of a beautiful building of blue brick trimmed with artificial stone. The church will be pure Italian Gothic in style with a massive campanile 92 feet high. The seating capacity of the auditorium will be 1400, with a large foyer on the north side. The interior is to be finished with heavy arched beam ceiling. The Sunday-school rooms will be entirely separate and will have ample accommodations for over 400, the equipment will be complete and thoroughly in line with the best modern ideas. The basement will contain large social rooms, a dining room with a capacity of 375, which is to be used also as a gymnasium, heating plant, and shower baths for men and women. The estimated cost of the entire plant is $75,000. The building is to be erected on the site of the present church at Third and Cedar Sts. The property at 4th and Locust Sts., formerly occupied by the Plymouth Church, has been placed on the market and as soon as a sale is completed the campaign for the building fund will be begun. The steady growth under Mr. Booth's pastorate in attendance since the union of the two churches has taxed the capaciey of the present auditorium, and this together with the inadequate facilities for a flourishing Sunday-school makes the erection of a new building imperative.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA CONGREGATIONAL CONFERENCE.

Annual Meeting at Pacific Grove, October 15-18.

The conference will convene at 2:15 on Tuesday, October 15th. Most of the afternoon will be given to business, to reports from board of directors, committees, and from churches. At 5 o'clock "Religious Education on Pacific Coast" will be presented by Miles B. Fisher and Huber Burr.

General theme of conference is "Christianity in Action."

The Tuesday evening session will open with "A Bible Study," by Prof. Guy of Pacific Theological Seminary, who will also conduct such a study at the opening of each morning session. After words of welcome by Mr. Peebles, pastor at Pacific Grove, and response by moderator, there will

be a recital of the Book of Job by Mrs. James Hazlett of San Francisco.

Wednesday at 10, Secretary Tenney will give an address on "The Pacific Coasts."

The annual sermon will be given at 11 by J. B. Orr of Oakland, which will be followed by the communion.

At 2 p. m. there will be a symposium on The Men and Religion Movement, led by H. R. Miles of Berkeley.

At 3 p. m. Mrs. R. F. Carter of Oakland will present Woman's Part in the Homeland; and Miss L. N. Richards, Woman's Part Across the Seas.

Then comes under "Meeting New Problems," The Place of the Minister in Religious Education, by R. F. Carter of Oakland; Congregational Young People in the University, Prof. Kofoid of Berkeley; Orientals in California.

Wednesday evening there will be a special program arranged by California Home Missionary Society.

Thursday forenoon comes "The Message of the Pew to the Pulpit," by I. H. Morse of San Francisco; "The Message of the Pulpit to the Pew," Roy H. Campbell of Palo Alto; "Looking Forward to 1915," Prof. Buckham, with discussion led by L. B. Briggs of San Francisco; The Report of Committee of Nineteen.

Wednesday afternoon, "The Church and Recreation," A. W. Palmer of Oakland; "The Church and Immigration," Robert Walker of San Francisco. Followed by discussion led by Mr. Patten of Sacramento.

At four o'clock on Thursday Dr. Jordan of Stanford will give an address on "The Dream of Universal War."

Thursday evening Mr. Jump will give an address on Henry Drummond, one of the Scottish Chiefs, and Mr. Laughton of San Francisco one on "The Mission of the Christian Church.

Friday morning the delegates will be given a trip around the Seventeen Mile Drive.

BAY ASSOCIATION.

The Bay Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers met in its 71st session at Niles on Tuesday of last week. The Rev. C. L. Mears, the moderator, presided. There was a good attendance of delegates and ministers and the fellowship and royal hospitality of the church people at Niles were much enjoyed. It was the first view many had had of the fine new building which that church has constructed under the leadership of the Rev. F. V. Jones as pastor, and the suitableness of it to the needs of the place was generally remarked.

President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary spoke convincingly of the work of the National Council Commission on Polity as presenting that which seems now desirable for Congregationalism in order that it may be more effective.

A new constitution so framed as to meet the needs of the churches on both sides of San Francisco bay was read and adopted; and the way thus paved for the union of the Bay and San Francisco associations. The name will remain "The Bay Association of Congregational Churches and Ministers." The membership as to churches will be those situated in San Francisco, Marin and Alameda counties whose articles of faith agree essentially with those commonly held by the Congregational churches.

Provision is made for a Prudential Committee of eighteen members, nine on the west side and nine on the east side.

The arrangement is for meetings on the second Tuesdays in September, December and March.

In the main the constitution and by-laws follow those of the Association for some time in existence.

The Rev. B. L. Brittin who moves to Sonoma county resigned as registrar, and the Rev. F. A. Bissell was chosen registrar temporarily—until the union of the associations.

A. W. Palmer was added to the business committee, making it: G. D. Yoakum, F. A. Bissell, A. W. Palmer.

The name of Prof. Bade was substituted for that of G. D. Castor on the committee on approbation to preach.

An invitation was accepted to hold the next meeting with Park Church, Berkeley, if the building now under construction is finished, as the pastor hopes it will be. If not it will be in Plymouth Church, Oakland.

Announcement was made of Home Missionary Week in November, and the following was adopted:

Resolved, that the Bay Association commends the recognition of Home Missionary Week, Nov. 17-24, to all our churches and pastors and recommends that by a campaign of prayer and thoughtful study they prepare the way for successful results. Resolved that as part of the campaign of preparation the pastor and if possible one or two laymen of every church undertake an informal survey of some convenient home missionary field, visiting the church, becoming acquainted with the workers, familiarizing themselves with the environment and the problems of the field, and observing the methods of work used. This information of a concrete and human sort to be brought back for the inspiration of the church.

Indorsement was made of the course of Attorney Donohue and Captain Peterson of Oakland in the effort to rid Alameda county of gambling.

The sermon was by the Rev. George Laughton of San Francisco on "The Book of the Streets." Preceding the sermon the Rev. J. B. Orr gave a brief devotional talk on one of the chapters of the Gospel According to John.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The "grand old man" of The Dalles, Oregon, Mr. Samuel Linus Brooks, a pioneer of 1850, and a resident of The Dalles for half a century, was called from his earthly to his heavenly life last Sunday afternoon, just three days less than a year since his wife died in California. For a number of years Mr. Brooks has had heart trouble, and a few months ago when the writer met him for the last time he said: "You need not be surprised to hear of my death at any time. I have had abundant warning, and all my worldly affairs are in good shape and I am ready to obey the Master's summons at any time. It was a joy to live when Anna (his wife) was with me, but now that she has passed on to her reward there is not much in this world that is attractive, therefore I shall welcome the call to go home!"

Mr. Brooks was born in Burton, Ohio, on November 8, 1830, therefore he was almost eighty-two years old. At the age of twenty he and his parents crossed the plains to Oregon, and located on the southern portion of "French Prairie," so-called because Dr. McLoughlin, Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company at Fort Vancouver from 1824 to 1846, colonized a number of his old French-Canadian trappers on that prairie about 1830. When the Oregon and California Railroad (now the Southern Pacific Railroad) was under construction in 1868-1870 southward

through the Willamette valley, a station was located on the Brooks farm and called after the family name. This was the second American family to settle in that section.

Mr. Brooks became a member of the Salem Congregational church nearly sixty years ago, and upon his removal to The Dalles fifty years ago both himself and wife united at once with the Congregational church there—a young church organized August 14, 1859. In 1862 Rev. Thomas Condon was pastor, and served the church most acceptably for twelve years. During that time and all subsequent pastorates for fully forty years, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks were among the most devoted and helpful members of that church. Much of the time Mr. Brooks was superintendent of the Sunday school and also one of the deacons; and in the financial affairs of the church he was one of the foremost to respond, and always with a liberal hand.

From March, 1866, to August, 1870, he was deputy United States revenue collector for the district of eastern Oregon. In 1877 he engaged in general merchandizing and continued for many years. In all public matters relating to the well being of the city he had a prominent part. The poor knew him because of his kindness of heart and ready purse, and his many friends valued him because of his high ideals and upright life, the influence of which led many a man to do better, and instilled in despondent ones a hope for better things to come.

As an evidence of the respect in which Mr. Brooks was held by his townsmen all the business houses of The Dalles were closed during the funeral services on Wednesday following his death. These services were conducted by Rev. P. S. Knight, of Salem, a warm personal friend of Mr. Brooks for nearly fifty-five years.

The final act in uniting the two principal Methodist churches in Portland, west side, occurred at a joint meeting of the trustees of both churches last Friday evening, September 13th. By this action "Taylor Street" Methodist Church, the first church of any denomination in this city, organized Dec. 15, 1848, and the Grace Methodist Church, organized April 1, 1884—its 101 charter members swarming from the "Taylor Street Church—went out of business. The new organization will be known as "The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Portland," and its new church home will be built on the corner of Twelfth and Taylor streets—the present site of the old Grace Church—as soon as an arrangement for the necessary funds can be perfected.

During the life of "Taylor Street" Church it had thirty pastors; and Grace Church had ten pastors during its life. The first building of the Taylor Street Church was erected in 1850—a primitive structure, however, although it cost $5,000. Carpenter's wages when it was built were $12 per day. The founder of the church was Rev. James H. Wilbur, who came to Oregon from Lowville, N. Y., in June, 1847. The friendly relations of "Father" Wilbur, as he was familiarly known, with Rev. Horace Lyman, the organizer and builder of the First Congregational Church of this city, dedicated June 15, 1851, were most creditable to both; and the relations of all the subsequent pastors of both churches have been remarkably harmonious.

Portland, September 15, 1912.

Threefold the stride of Time, from first to last;
Loitering slow, the Future creepeth—
Arrow-swift, the Present sweepeth—
And motionless forever stands the Past.—Schiller.

RACE TRACK GAMBLING IN CALIFORNIA.

Shall the State of California be cursed again with the vice of gambling on horse races? That question will be settled at the polls by a vote of the people on November, 5th. If the majority of the votes cast on the Racing Commission Bill favor its passage by voting Yes, then Emeryville and other tracks wil be re-opened. The time is short for the people to be informed upon the nature of the bill. Pastors, officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Young Men's Christian Associations, Young Women Christian Associations, Mothers Clubs and all organizations which stand for decent things, will advance the public welfare by giving as much publicity as possible to the following facts.

The bill will appear as number seven among the constitutional amendments, initiative and referendum propositions on the ballot. It will read:

"Iniative Measure to Be Submitted Directly to the Electors."

An act to prohibit bookmaking and pool-selling, and to provide for the appointment of a state racing commission to grant licenses for horse racing in the State of California, for a limited period, and the Austion Pool systems only, and repealing all acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act. Vote, Yes—No.

Some of the provisions of the bill are, that "A state racing commission is hereby established to consist of five persons to be appointed by the governor within twenty days after this law shall be in force, all of whom shall have been **Breeders and Raisers of Horses** for five years. The members of said commisison shall hold their office for **four years.** Any association or corporation formed for the purpose of racing—and conducting races and contests of speed between horses, shall have the right and power, subject to the provisions of this act, to hold one or more race meetings in each year, and to hold, maintain and conduct horse races at such meetings. At such meetings the corporation or association or the owners of the horses engaged in such races, or others who are not participants in the racing, may contribute purses, prizes, premiums or stakes to be contested for. Licenses shall be granted by said commission to such corporations and associations to hold races or race meetings for such period of time as such corporations and associations shall desire, but not to exceed one hundred days in any calendar year in any one county in this state. Every race meeting held or conducted, except as allowed by this act, is hereby declared to be a public nuisance. Any and all racing associations and corporations which shall obtain licenses to conduct race meetings in the state of California pursuant to and under this act, may conduct and carry on and permit within the enclosure where horse racing is held betting upon the races conducted within said enclosure by and through the Paris mutual and auction systems of betting. All acts and parts of acts in conflict with this act are hereby repealed."

This bill was drafted by Senator Eddie Wolfe of San Francisco, the paid attorney of the Emoryville Jockey Club and the chief opponent of the Walker-Otis anti-race track gambling law enacted by the legislature of 1909, which has redeemed the state from this vicious curse. He is the recognized defender of the corrupt interests of the state and the opponent of moral legislation. To those acquainted with his record at Sacramento it is 'nuf said.

Note that the bill makes its obligatory upon the state racing commission to license all associations or corporations that apply. There is no discretionary power granted to the

commission. Should they refuse a license the law requires that they publicly state the reasons for so doing and go into the courts to support their action. Note that the law provides for betting and repeals all conflicting laws. The Paris mutual system to be substituted in the place of the bookmaker in no way puts a stop to gambling. The law will give to the association a monopoly of the gambling profits which heretofore were divided with bookmakers and poolrooms. Everybody sound the warning.

G. L. TUFTS,
Superintendent Weekly Rest Day Leage.

The Home.

Still sweeps the old impetuous sea
Around the green earth ceaselessly—
Changeless, yet full of change, it seems
The very mirror of those dreams
We call men's lives—for are not they
Like life-waves. Fate's winds doth sway
And break, yet which pass not away.
Through depth of silent air but blend
Once more with the deep, and lend
Their never dying music sweet
To the great choral song complete;
Each death is but a birth, a change—
Each soul through myriad by-ways strange,
Through birth and death, doth upward range.
—"Fiona Macleod."

WHAT LIFE IS.

What is life?—a chance to look at the blue of the sky; to see its fleecy clouds; to hear the first swinging lilt of the wild bird in the spring time; to see the opening bud; to hear the bleating of the lambs on the hillside; to look at God's green earth and rejoice in it; to enjoy nature in its minor moods and to enter into those solemn experiences with it when worlds seem to be coming into existence and universes seem to be dancing about you in the thrilling mightiness of storm; to see innocence in the eyes of a child and serenity and peace in the eyes of old age; to begin every morning heroically and to close every day nobly; to lift the load of the world a wee bit; to look with love on all men; to have faith and still to have faith; to fall and to rise again; to love the good and to set one's self to achieve it; to make flowers grow in the waste places of the heart; to strive for success in every honorable way; to have hours when converse is held with the Spirit who is in us and about us and above us; to grow rich in heart however poor or rich we may be in property; to learn to suffer without complaint; to have a few friends and to prize them as the spring in the desert is treasured; to come to old age genially and sympathetically, losing the acid of spring in the ripeness of autumn, and finally, to go down to the noiseless gates of death without fear, feeling that we have played a man's part in bringing to the world its best morning—this is life—this is life immortal.—Robert J. Locke.

Our cares are all today, our joys are all today;
And in one little word, our life, what is it but today?
—Tupper.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

The last week of August was drawing to a close; consequently, the children who had been spending the heated term at a well-known resort in Northern Michigan were preparing to flit by crowding every moment full to overflowing with amusements.

The day I have in mind was hot, in spite of the location, and so I had sought out a leafy bower where I could see the lake, dotted with white sails, and yet be unseen by passer-by. I was thus absorbed when I was diverted by hearing:

"Tell my mother, Pauline! No, indeed! I know too well what would follow."

"But I shall tell mine the minute I get home. Telling mamma everything that happens to me is half the fun, for she enters into everything so, just like she was a girl herself, the old dear!"

There was no sound for an instant except the swish, swish of the waves, until, prefaced by a sigh that seemed out of place amid such surroundings, the other said, in rueful tone:

"If only I had such a mother I would not keep things back, either, but mine is a—a—, anyhow, she never seems to understand how girls feel, like your mother. So I try, to hide things I'd really love to tell her if she didn't make it so had for me. Oh, dear! I know I will have a horrid toothache to pay for sitting here while my clothes dry, but toothache is easier to bear than scoldings!" Then spreading out her wet skirts afresh, she added: "But I know my mother better than you do, and so I will take the risk of toothache rather than make worse trouble for myself, for if I should appear before her in this condition she would not listen to excuses."

"Why, she would not blame you, surely, when you told her how that horrid Jack Stanley caught our oars from us just as we were about to start, and then pushed our boat off, and how we just had to wade back or be drowned," said her companion, excitedly.

"She would scold me, any way I could fix it!" retorted Ruth, in a bitter tone, "and insist upon it that it was my own fault. So I will save myself one scolding by staying right here until I can get home without her knowing what happened to us. Wouldn't you, Pauline, if you were in my place?"

"Maybe, if I was in your place, truly," was the hestitating reply, "but I can't even make believe that mamma would scold when I wasn't one bit to blame!"

"What would your mother say if you should go home now?" was the evasive query.

"Why, most likely she would sing out, 'What has happened to my girlie?' Then, when she had heard my story, she would look frightened-like—maybe kiss me—and say it didn't matter about my clothes as long I was only back all right."

"Oh dear! no wonder you tell your mother!" said Ruth, sighing again. "I would tell mine every little thing too, if only she did not make me feel so uncomfortable. She talks just as if I lie awake nights to study up improper things to do on purpose to mortify her."

"But my mother thinks more about my happiness than proprieties, thank fortune!" said Pauline with a merry laugh. "She says she knows just how it is, for she was a girl herself just the other day, and a tomboy at that."

Ruth listened to this with wide-open eyes, and then said

in so emphatic a way that her unseen listener had to hold on to herself to keep from laughing aloud:

"I can't make it seem as if my mother was ever anything but grown up and proper!"

Meantime, though hidden from view myself, I could plainly see the half-grown speakers who had seated themselves on the winding rustic stairs beneath me, where they would have the benefit of what I was trying to avoid—the rays of the sun. The bright faces of the girls had become familiar to me during previous weeks, as they often passed my haven of rest; but in justice to the unseen listener I will add that the mothers were unknown, else I would have considered it disloyal to hear what I now pass on.

"Oh, but your mother will make allowance this once, I am sure," urged Pauline, "so let's start for the hotel at once, and get some dry clothes on."

"The very thing for you to do," was the sorry rejoinder, "and I advise you to go; but please keep mum about me until I can follow without making my mother blush."

At that Pauline loosened a lichen close at hand, and throwing it a bit spitefully, said:

"I don't blame you one bit, Ruth, now, for not telling your mother things! And I own up that us girls haven't been just fair in thinking you oughtn't to keep things from her."

But Ruth was evidently loyal, in spite of what she had let slip, for she hasented to say:

"Well, mother is nervous, and—and I suppose I am trying."

"Indeed you are not!" said Pauline, with a decided shake of her golden curls, "you are the best of the whole bunch at this resort. You never have dreadful things happen to you like the rest of us girls. Just think how I ran and pitched headlong into that wild-rose bush last week, and just ruined my prettiest white dress mamma had been weeks making, before I could free myself from the horrid thorns!"

"My, that was dreadful!" said Ruth in a tragic tone. "I felt so sorry for you when you started for home! What did your mother do to you?"

"Do! Why, when I told her how it happened, she just said, 'Mother is sorry, dearie, but of course you are not to blame.' And then, to make it easier for me, she told me how unfortunate she was about tearing her dresses when she, too, was a romp. Oh, I have the best mother in the world! and I just love to cuddle up to her and have it all out."

Ruth did not provoke a quarrel by asserting that hers was "the best mother in the world," and insisting upon it that her mate should agree with her and accord her own mother second place, as the woman looking down foolishly did in her childhood, until her too yielding companion consented, under protest; but Ruth wisely kept silent until, as the whistle of an incoming train sounded on our ears, she sprang to her feet with a look of relief, exclaiming:

"There, I can return in safety now, for mother goes to Petoskey on that to buy Indian curious to take home; so, thank goodness! she will never know of this!"

Youth rebounds so easily that the speaker as well as her companion disappeared from view, at this, laughing merrily, and then it was the turn of the one left behind to sigh, as she thought:

"One light of heart because a scolding does not await her; the other—fortunate child! glad, with abiding gladness, because blest with a sympathetic mother who has not forgotten that she was herself once a faulty girl.—Helene Thomas.

Our Young People

TOLD IN THE DARK.

Leo was in bed. He had said, "Now I lay me," then he had asked his mother to turn down the light.

Leo was a very lion to face all outside foes. He was not so brave when face to face with the little knight of right within him. That was what mother called his conscience—the little knight of right.

Mother knew what it meant when Leo asked to have the light turned out; she sat down on the bed, and took Leo's hand and said in a tender, encouraging way:

"Tell mother all about it."

Leo lay very still for some minutes, then he burst out in a boy's way right in the middle of the story:

"P'r'aps you'll think 'twasnt so—an' I don't know as I'd b'lieve it myself, only I saw them with my own eyes—I did, mother? I couldn't help it, really I couldn't—an' she's down in the kitchen!"

Mother smiled. She stroked the little brown fist. She spoke gently.

"What was the strange sight, and who is 'she'?"

"Well, it was this way. We boys were coming home from skating, just dark, an' a cat scatted across the road, an' all the fellows snowballed her—I did, too, mother—an' she tried to squirm through a picket fence an' got caught an' couldn't get through or back, either, an' all the boys yelled—an' that very minute the East Enders fired on us from over the wall, an' we had a reg'lar fight, an' drove 'em all the way back, just like the minute men that time at Lexington.

"Then it was dark, an' I came home from the corner alone. An' along in the pine woods—this is true, mother, 'tis; I saw it with my own eyes—I saw that kit's face in the dark, in the air—an' lots of other kittens' faces—the dark was full of them, an' all the eyes looked at me, so beggin' like I was so sorry—an'—a little bit afraid, too—an' I just started an' run."

"Did you leave the kitten faces behind when you ran home?" asked mother.

"I didn't run home—I—run back the road where we snowballed the kit; an' there she was, stuck fast in the fence, an' mewin' just awful—an' I got her out an' brought her home, an'—an'—she's down in the kitchen now!"

The little brown fingers squirmed around mother's as he went on doubtfully: "An' you will say yes, won't you, mother?—I couldn't help it—I really couldn't, mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know—only three mother!"

Mother lifted the little brown fist and kissed it. "We will take care of her somehow," she said

Leo was very still for the next minute or two, then he suddenly asked:

"But the faces, mother, the kittens' faces in the dark—how came they there? Such a many kits' faces—and such eyes!"

Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied: "Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right!"—Little Men and Women.

Little Margaret was to take her first bath in the surf. A fine new bathing-suit had been made for her and she donned it with great pride. She was very timid about going in, until she saw the others were perfectly safe in the water. Then she ventured in. The water suddenly grew deeper and came above her waist much to the surprise of the little maid, who cried out in anguish: "O, mother, my bathing-suit leaks."

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YOUR BEST!

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.
James Russell Lowell.

It is significant that the men and women who have influenced their fellows most deeply have spoken directly and unhesitatingly out of their own best natures. They have not waited upon common opinion nor repeated the current phrases; they have not weighed their words against their prospects of advancement, nor fitted their teaching to the prevalent mood. They have said what they believed, frankly and courageously. They have not calculated the chances of acceptance; they have spoken what seemed true to them, and left the result with God. Atmospheric influences are very powerful and pervasive, and only strong natures overcome them; contemporary currents are often swift and wide, and only resolute souls breast and baffle them. But no one can really speak to men the words that uplift and invigorate, who dares not first develop this inward force, this victorious faith in the truth as he sees it. The more sensitive the man is, the more force must be put forth to express what is original in him; but the original words are the only ones that count; all other words are echoes. We hide our best selves as if we were ashamed of them; but when we take courage and speak of our deepest convictions, our highest aspirations, we suddenly find that we have entered into sacred companionship with our fellows, and that the breath of our fervor has stirred the same fire of nobleness in them that burns in us. Never give less than your best, and remember that your best is always yourself.

—Daily Cheer for all the Year.

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Los Angeles Passenger, Ferry Station 10:40 A. M.
Sunset Express, Third and Townsend 4:00 P. M.
San Joaquin Valley Flyer, Ferry Station 4:40 P. M.
Los Angeles and San Francisco Passenger, Third and Townsend 10:00 P. M.

Protected by Automatic Electric Block Signals.

Stopovers allowed on all trains, enabling passengers to visit Coast and Interior Resorts

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

SAN FRANCISCO: Flood Building Palace Hotel Ferry Station Phone Kearny 3160
Third and Townsend Streets Phone Kearny 180
OAKLAND: Broadway and Thirteenth Phone Oakland 162
Sixteenth St. Station Phone Oakland 1458